

# Radiographs

Housewives! Order Your Bread by Radio!

## SCHOOL ROOMS "LISTEN IN"

By NEA Service.

PIEDMONT, Cal., Oct. 14—Pupils in the 25 classrooms in Piedmont high school here may now hear a radio broadcast program at the same time.

This has been made possible by the installation of a system of loud speakers in each of the 25 classrooms, under the control of a central or master station in the main office of the building.

A motor generator and battery in

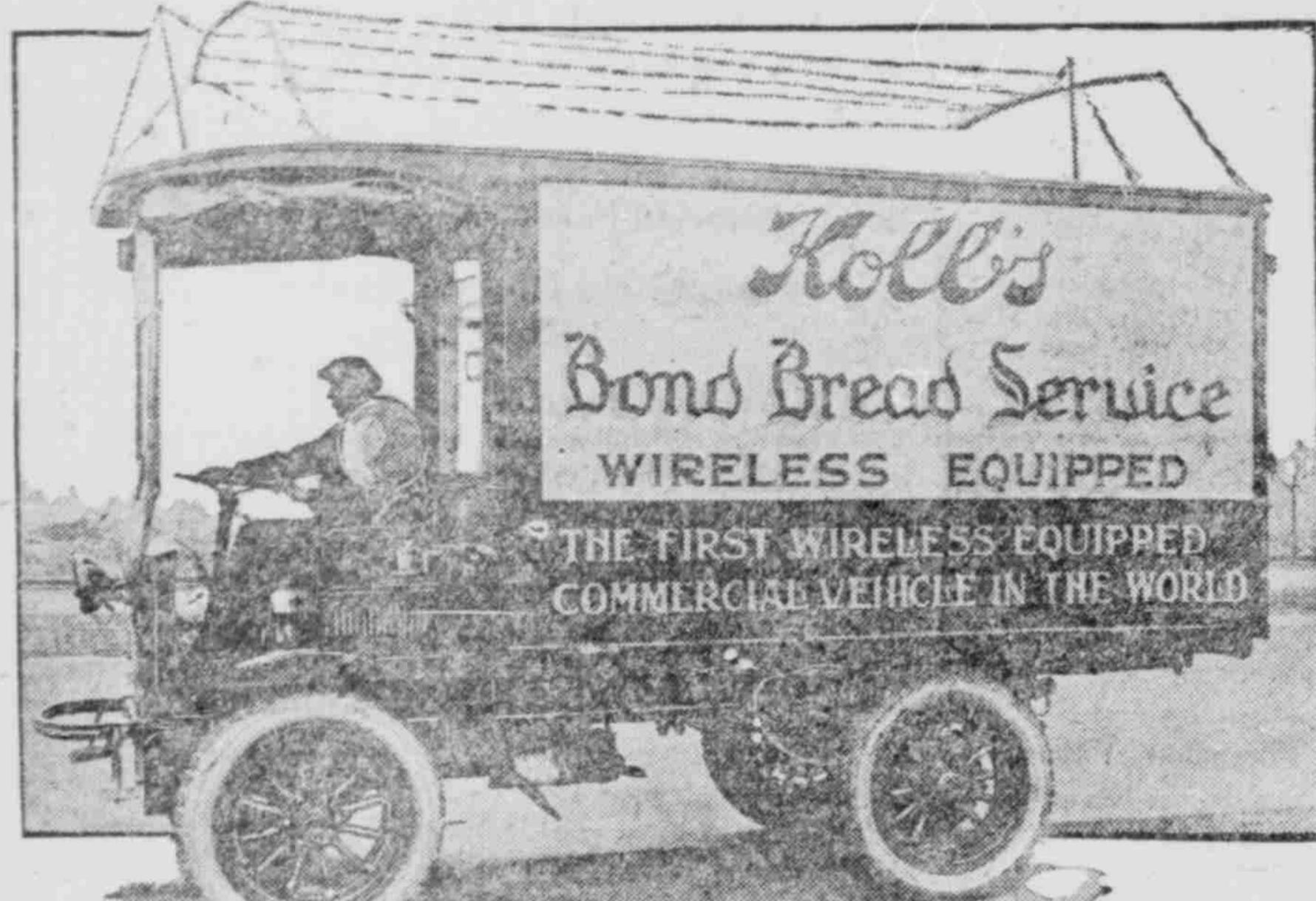
a steel cabinet in the basement furnish the power for the reception or the messages either from the central control station, or for the reception of radio messages from outside. The master station is operated like an ordinary telephone switchboard.

Coming from the transmitting instrument at the central station, the speech is amplified in any or all of the classrooms as desired. It comes into the receiving apparatus in sufficient tones to be heard all over

the room.

This is the first application of this system to school use, say the school authorities. Similar installations, however, have been made in hotels, railroad stations and other public places.

What makes the school system even more modern is its adaptability to the reception of broadcasts programs by radio. Pupils will be able to remain in the classrooms to hear lectures and concerts from afar.



Housewives in Philadelphia have a chance to order their bread by radio. That is, if they have a radio transmission set at home and they deal with the particular firm that has equipped its wagons with a radio receiving set. At any rate, it shows what possibilities radio presents for the housewives of the future.

## The FLAMING JEWEL

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Tragedy, which stalked on the trail of the Flaming Jewel since it had first been stolen from the royal jewel casket of the

COUNTESS OF ESTHONIA by the great international thief, Quintana, now appeared in a lawless hunting camp in the Adirondacks.

Here lived rough and "hard-boiled."

MIKE CLINCH, who had stolen the jewel from Quintana in Paris and hoarded it for the education of his beautiful step-daughter,

EVE STRAYER. Two men wanted to secure the jewel from Clinch. One was

JAMES DABRAGH, who had sworn to restore the gem to the beginning, and the other was the ruthless Quintana. Both arrive at Clinch's disreputable "hotel," Dartagh under the name of

HAL SMITH. Eve escapes from Quintana, who captures her and threatens her with torture. On her return to the camp she drops the packet and it is seized by two of Clinch's men who have gone over to Quintana. These are JAKE KLOON and

EARL LEVERETT. Clinch starts out to wipe out Quintana's gang and with them, Kloon and Leverett.

Go on With the Story

EPISODE FIVE  
Drowned Valley

CHAPTER 1

The soft, bluish forest shadows had lengthened, and the bare sun-rays, filtering through, were tinged with a rosy hue before Jake Kloon, the hootch runner, and Earl Leverett, trap thief, came to Drowned Valley.

They were still a mile distant from the most southern edge of that vast desert, but already tamarisks appeared in the beauty of their golden rods; little pools of water mirrored the sun and there patches of amber sphagnum and crimson pitcher-plants became frequent; and once or twice Kloon's big boots broke through the crust of fallen leaves, soaking him to the ankles with black silt.

Leverett, always a coward, had pursued his devious and larcenous way through the world, always in deadly fear of sink holes.

His movements and paths were those of a weasel, preferring always solid ground; but he lacked the courage of that sinuous little beast, though he possessed all of its ferocity and far more cunning.

He looked at the back of Kloon's massive head. One shot would blow that skull into fragments, he thought, shivering.

One shot from behind—and twenty thousand dollars—or, if it proved a better deal, the contents of the racket. For, if Quintana's bribe had dizzied them, what effect might the contents of that secret racket have had?

There might easily be half a million in bills pressed together in that heavy fat packet. Bills were absolutely safe plunder. But Kloon had turned a deaf ear to his suggestions—Kloon, who never entertained ambitions beyond his hootch racket—whose miserable imagination stopped at a wretched percentage, sat silent.

Tamaracks, sphagnum, crimson pitcher-plants grew thicker; wet woods set with little black pools stretched away on every side.

It was still nearly a mile from the bushy hair on Kloon's head and fluttered the ferns around him where he lay.

A little breeze came by and stirred the bushes hair on Kloon's head and fluttered the ferns around him where he lay.

Then, near in the ferns, the withering fronds twitched, and a red squirrel started his startling alarm.

tearing a mouthful from a gnawed tobacco plug and shoving the remainder deep into his trousers pocket.

"We gotta travel a piece, yet... Say, Jake, be you a man or be you a poor dumb critter what ain't got no spunk?"

Kloon chewed on his end, turned and glared at him. Then he spat, as an answer.

"If you get the spunk of a chin-munk you and me'll take a peek at that there packet. I bet you it's thousand-dollar bills—more'n a billion million dollars, likely."

Kloon's dogged silence continued. Leverett licked his dry lips. His eyes lay on his knees. Almost imperceptibly he moved it, moved it again, froze stiff as Kloon spat, by infinitesimal degrees, continued to edge the muzzle toward Kloon.

"Jake?"

"Aw, shut your head," grumbled Kloon dismally. "You allus is a dirty rat—you sneakin' trap robber. Enough's enough. I ain't got no use for no billion million dollar bills. Ten thousand'll buy me all I carlare need till I'm planted. But you're like a hawk; you ain't never had enough of nothin' and you won't never git enough, neither—not if you want God a mighty you wouldin'."

Leverett's dogged silence continued. Leverett licked his dry lips. His eyes lay on his knees. Almost imperceptibly he moved it, moved it again, froze stiff as Kloon spat, by infinitesimal degrees, continued to edge the muzzle toward Kloon.

"Always, as Leverett crept on, pulling the dead behind him, the floor of the woods trembled slightly, and a black ooze wet the crust of withered leaves."

In a few minutes he discovered what he was looking for; took his bearings, cut loose, picked his way back over a leafy path, and crept under his captives tread.

He bent over Kloon and, from the left inside coat pocket, he drew the packet and placed it inside his own channel shirt.

Then, turning his back to the dead, he squatted down and clutched Kloon's bony ankles, as a man grasps the handles of a wheelchair to draw it after him.

Dragging, rolling, bumping over roots, Jake Kloon took his last trail through the wilderness, leaving a redder path than was left by the setting sun through fern and moss and of his home Saturday.

Always, as Leverett crept on, pulling the dead behind him, the floor of the woods trembled slightly, and a black ooze wet the crust of withered leaves.

At the quaking edge of a little pool of water, Leverett halted. The water was dark but scarcely an inch deep over its black bed of silt.

Beside this sink hole the trap-chief dropped Kloon. Then he drew his hunting knife and cut a tall, slim swamp maple. The sapling was about twenty feet in height. Leverett thrust the butt of it into the pool. Without any effort he pushed the entire sapling out of sight in the depths of silt.

He had to maneuver very gingerly to dump Kloon into the pool and keep out of it himself. Finally he managed it.

To his alarm, Kloon did not sink far. He cut another sapling and pushed the body until the shoes were visible above the silt.

These, however, were very slowly sinking, now. Bubble rose, duly iridescent, floated, broke. Strings of blood hung suspended in the clouding water.

Leverett went back to the little ridge and covered with dead leaves the spot where Kloon had lain. There were broken ferns, but he could not straighten them. And there lay Kloon's rifle.

For a while he hesitated; his hands a hair's width to the left, slipped, moved it again. Under his soggy, sun-tanned skin a pallor made his visage sickly gray.

"Jake?"

No answer.

"Say, Jake?"

No notice.

"Jake, I wants take a peek at them bills."

Mere another stream of tobacco soiled the crimson pitcher.

"I'm—despit. I gotta take a peek. I gotta—gotta—"

Something in Leverett's unsteady voice made Kloon turn his head.

"You gal rammed foot," he said.

The long load inquiry with the rifle puffed Kloon's inquiry with a final period. The big, soft-nosed bullet struck him full in the face, spilling his brains and part of his skull down his back, and knocking him flat as though he had been clubbed.

Leverett, stunned, sat staring, motionless, clutching the rifle from the muzzle of which a delicate stain of vapor floated and disappeared through a ray of sunshine.

In the intense stillness of the place, suddenly the dead man made a sound; and the trap-robber nearly fainted.

But it was only air escaping from the slowly collapsing lungs; and Leverett, ash pale, shaking, got to his feet and leaned heavily against an oak tree. His eyes never stirring from the sprawling thing on the ground.

There were a minute or a year he stood there he could never have reckoned the space of time. The sun's level rays shimmered ruddy through the woods. A green fly appeared, buzzing about the dead man. Another zig-zagged through the sun shine, lacquered with streaks of greenish fire. Others appeared, whirling, gyrating, filling the silence with their humming. And still Leverett dared not budge, dared not search the dead and take from it that for which the dead had died.

That was the most real death that Leverett ever had died.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

## Gathering the Plums IN Standard Oils

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# MISHAWAKA NEWS

## VERN LOTT STILL HOLDS PIN MARKS

### Local Bowling Champ Rolls 690 for Three Games—Teams Enter Tourney.

#### Inebriate Visits Sunday School Class; "Pinched"

### THREE ARRESTED FOLLOWING CRASH

#### George Paulak Charged With Driving Auto While Intoxicated.

A head on automobile collision on Lincoln Way East, Sunday evening resulted in the arrest of three men. George Paulak, while driving, struck another machine driven by William McKeown, 24, White st., Elkhart. No one was injured but both machines were badly damaged. The police were called and Paulak was arrested on a charge of driving while intoxicated and taken to the station charged with intoxication. Unable to furnish his name he was placed in jail.

Frank Vaerten, 1021 W. Sixth st., was arrested Sunday evening about 5:55 o'clock on E. Ninth st., on a charge of intoxication. The list includes Cook 232, H. Spaeth 222, I. Daily 218, Willete 215, E. Yeakey 213, A. Van de Walde 210, E. Lott 210, Vedder 209 and A. Zimmerman 201.

The Pastime Handicap Trio League will open their season Friday night, Oct. 19, with the following teams entered: Dodge, Pastime No. 1, Pastime No. 2, R. P. P. H., Lucky Strikes, and the Shanty Gang. An interesting schedule for the first game is also announced, the results of which are expected to change the present standing of a number of teams. Highest teams in all the leagues and their percentages are as follows: Pastime Trio League, Bebe's No. 1, 83%; Mishawaka Handicap League, Invincibles, 88%; Pastime Ladies' League, N. Indiana Railway Team No. 2, 65%; Ball Band, 66%; Nico Kin, 66%; and Ball Band No. 3, 65%; Dodge Match, 88%.

Ernest Beebe has announced the entrance of a team in the A. B. C. National Bowling League Tournament, which will be held at Milwaukee, Wis., at a date to be announced. The line-up will be as follows: A. Van de Walde, E. Beebe, F. Richter, H. Spaeth and E. Lott.

#### CONCLUDE VACATIONS.

Albert Raab, 201 E. Fourth st., has resumed his duties at the Central fire station, after enjoying a vacation, during which he visited his brother, George M. Raab, at Indianapolis. Fred Becker has assumed his duties at the South Side station after a vacation.

#### PICKS 168 QUINTES.

Horace Long, 56, residing at 502 W. Mishawaka av., picked 168 quintees weighing on an average of one pound each, from a tree in the yard of his home Saturday.

In a few minutes he discovered what he was looking for; took his bearings, cut loose, picked his way back over a leafy path and crept under his captives tread.

He bent over Kloon and, from the left inside coat pocket, he drew the packet and placed it inside his own channel shirt.

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